



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

SYMPATHY

As one within a moated tower,
 I lived my life alone;
And dreamed not other granges' dower,
 Nor ways unlike mine own.
I thought I loved. But all alone
 As one within a moated tower
I lived. Nor truly knew
 One other mortal fortune's hour.
As one within a moated tower,
 One fate alone I knew.
Who hears afar the break of day
 Before the silvered air
Reveals her hooded presence gray,
 And she, herself, is there?
I know not how, but now I see
 The road, the plain, the pluming tree,
The carter on the wain.
 On my horizon wakes a star.
The distant hillsides wrinkled far
 Fold many hearts' domain.
On one the fire-worn forests sweep,
 Above a purple mountain-keep
And soar to domes of snow.
 One heart has swarded fountains deep
Where water-lilies blow:
 And one, a cheerful house and yard,

Sympathy

With curtains at the pane,
 Board-walks down lawns all clover-starred,
And full-fold fields of grain.
 As one within a moated tower
I lived my life alone;
 And dreamed not other granges' dower
Nor ways unlike mine own.
 But now the salt-chased seas uncurled
And mountains trooped with pine
 Are mine. I look on all the world
And all the world is mine.

Edith Wyatt